



















# MOTHER WILD GOOSE

## AND HER WILD BEAST SHOW

VERSE AND PICTURES BY  
L. J. BRIDGMAN.



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BOSTON, MASS.

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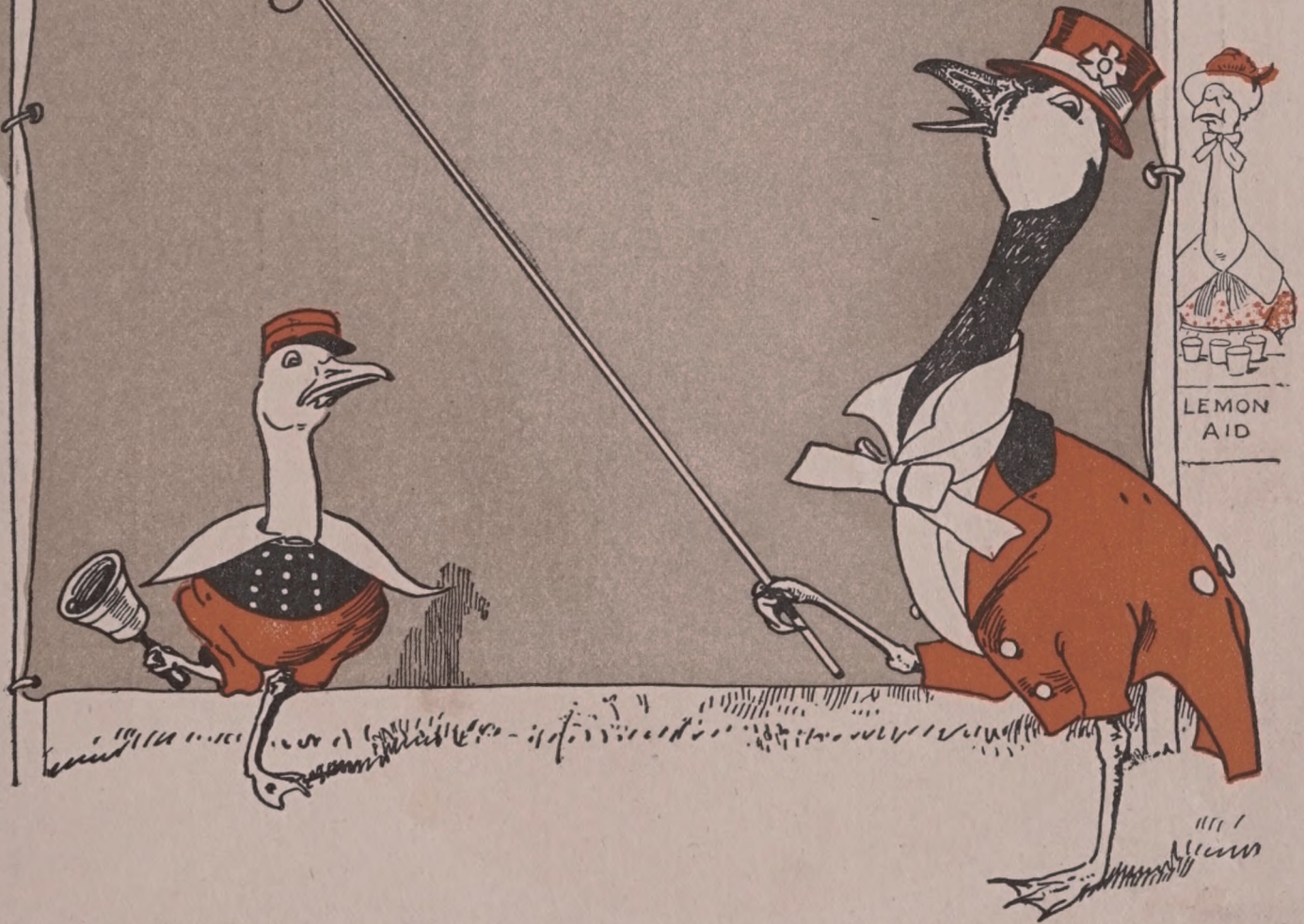
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# IN-TRO-DUC-TO-RY.

This book, not too fat or too lean,  
Not the best, or the worst ever seen,  
Is just written for fun,  
And you'll find, when you're done,  
Nothing horrible hateful or mean.



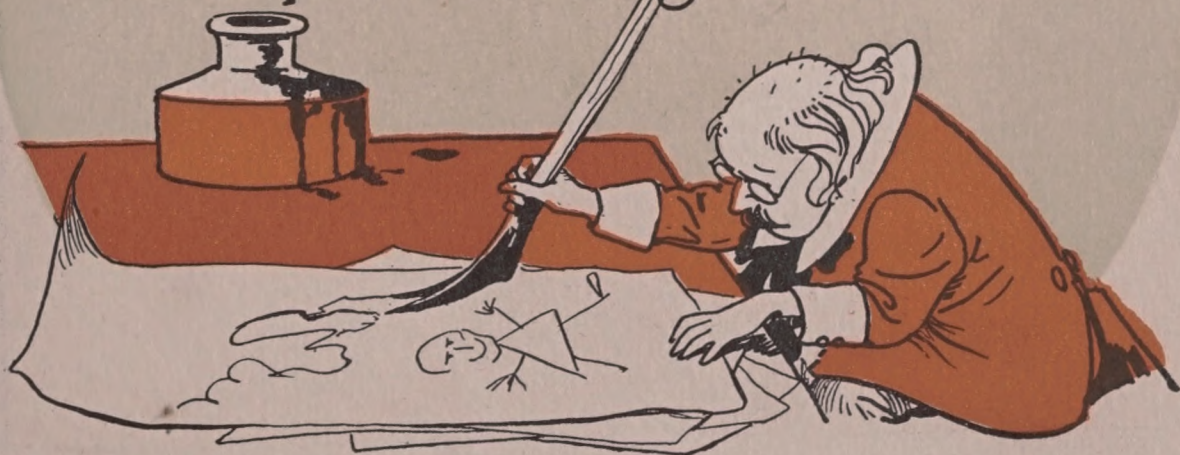


The Wild Goose, when flying  
On high in the air,  
Sees all the great forests  
And animals there.

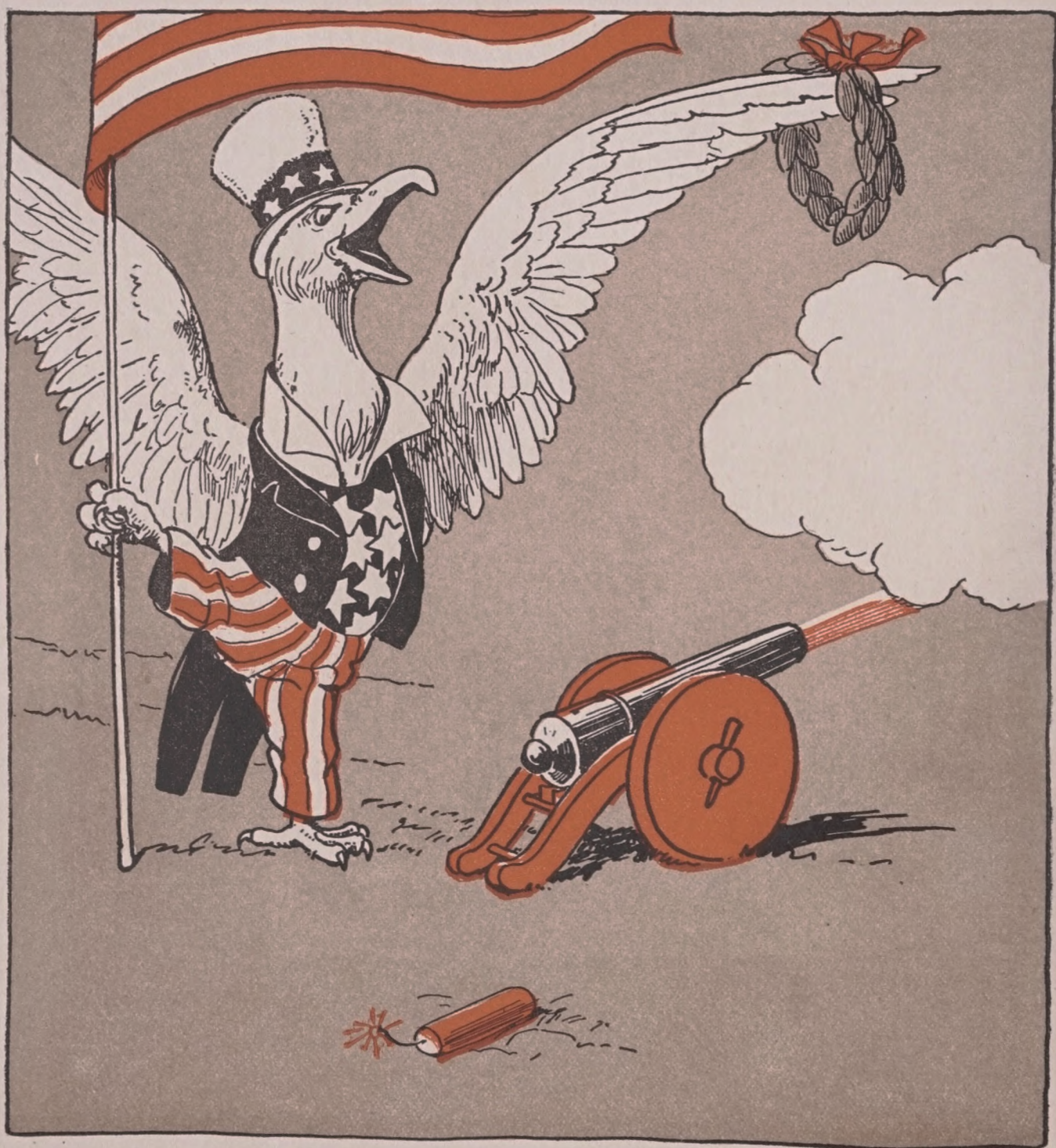
She never makes pictures,  
She never makes rhymes;  
She seems quite too busy  
At almost all times.


But, one day, a feather  
Blew out of her wing,—  
It made a fine pen to write  
This sort of thing.

So do not forget, if  
The rhyming seems loose,  
The rhymes were all made with  
The pen of a goose.



The Eagle loves the "boys in blue,"  
Who now are boys in brown;  
He waves his flag and screams with joy  
When they come back to town

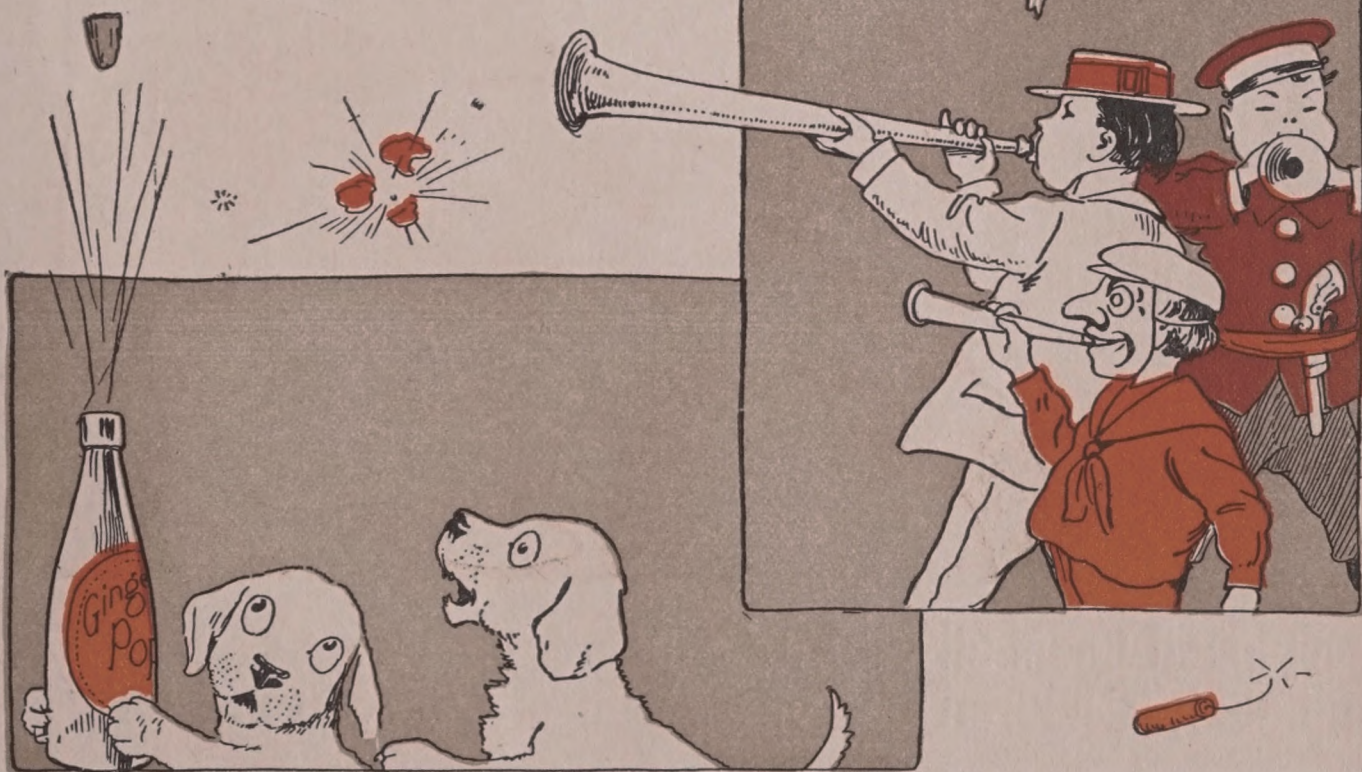




The popin-jays are popping corn,  
The poppies all are blowing,  
The populace all blow the horn,  
Beneath the poplars going.

The pauper puppies pop their eyes  
Wide open at the popping  
\* Of ginger-pop, and each July's  
\* Quite apt to keep folks hopping.

\*



There was an old rabbit, a white rabbit too;  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;



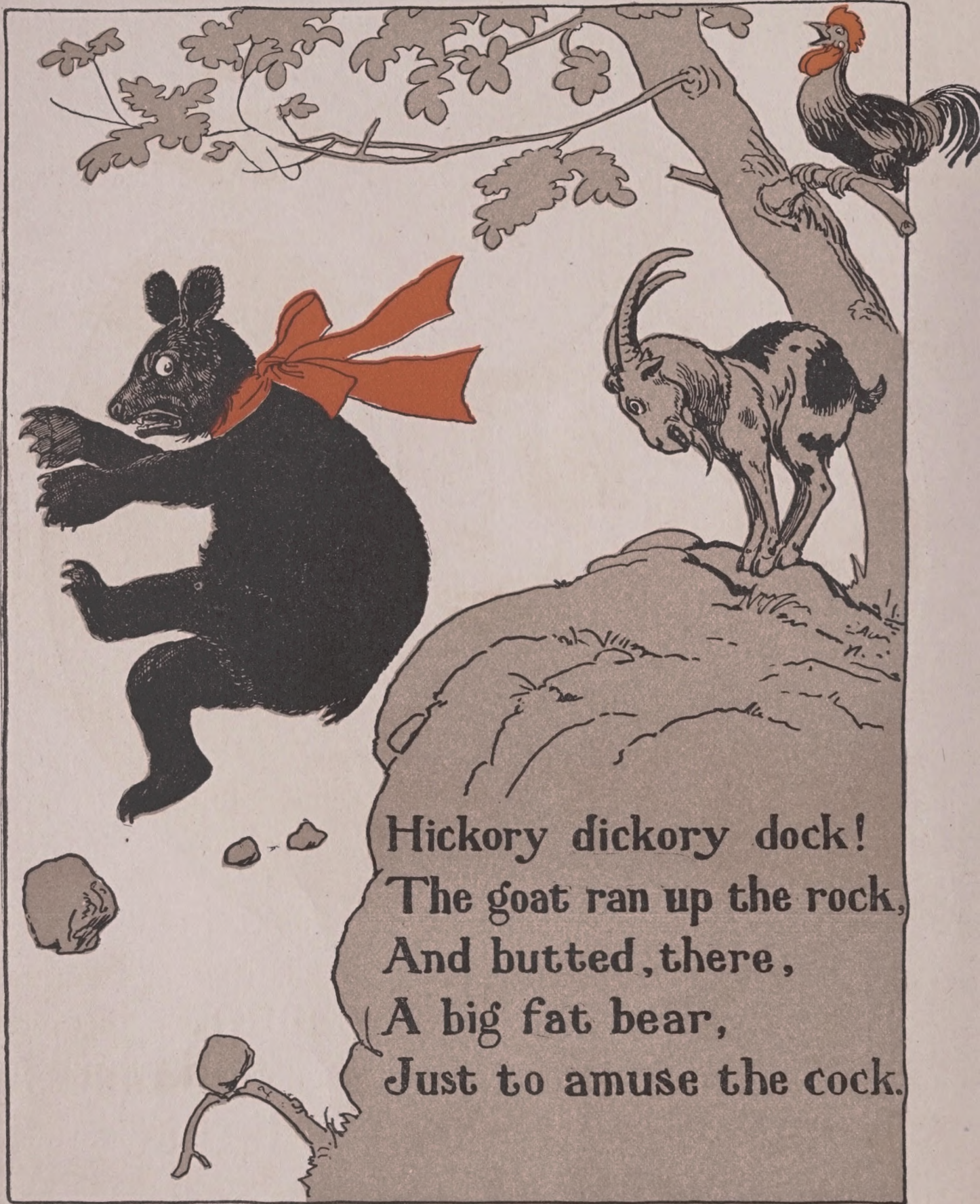
She pinned them all up by the ears to the trees  
And said, "Children dear, don't run off, if you please!"



Higgledy, Piggledy, my black hen



Dances jigs for little men.  
Skirts with spangles red and white,  
On one toe she dances light.



Hickory dickory dock!  
The goat ran up the rock,  
And butted, there,  
A big fat bear,  
Just to amuse the cock.



Should you meet a mysterious pheasant  
Who always is saying, "Look pleasant,"  
And who takes a black box  
Wherever he walks,  
He will photograph you, if he hasn't.

A seal said, "I wait and I wait,  
But no hair ever grows on my pate.  
I will borrow some hair  
From my friend, polar bear;  
With a wig I'll look simply first-rate!"





“My manners,” the crab said, “I know  
Are backward. I’m sorry it’s so,  
But, my friend, how d’ye do?  
I would shake hands with you;  
Now PLEASE to shake hands ere you go!”

This bird is so proud, in the fall,  
He dislikes people coming to call.  
His name rhymes quite well  
With cartridge, — don't tell,  
For he never would like it at all!



When down the hooks dropped in the brooks,  
The fishes said, "It's shy-day.  
According to the best fly books,  
To-morrow will be fry-day!"





**T**here is a little bob-tailed bird  
They call the winter wren.  
He waits till days get short and cold  
And comes from north land then.

Of ice-bergs and of Eskimos,  
Of many a frozen sail,  
He might tell interesting things,  
O why so brief his tale!



Mrs. Stripes of Bengal  
Heard a bawl a squall  
From one of her cubs, very young,  
Who, with sob and with tear,  
Said, "Come kiss me, ma dear,  
For I've bub-bub-bub-bitten my  
tongue!"



The walrus to the dentist went  
And sat in his big chair:  
“Now, dentist, dont you hurt,” said he,  
“For if you do, BEWARE!”



Said the gnu to the scholar,  
"I'll give you a dollar  
To tell me just what I should do:  
I'm part like a horsey  
And part like a bossy, —  
Now say, should I whinny or moo?"



Said the scholar, "Friend gnu,  
This is what you should do:

When you feel like a bossy, you ninny,  
Just moo all you please  
And be quite at your ease,  
And when you feel horsey, just whinny



“Some hunters!” exclaimed the opossum.—  
He hung by his tail when he saw some,—  
“Perhaps they’ll think me,  
As I hang on this tree,  
Some remarkably big sort of blossom!”



Impolitely, I said,  
"See that globe-fish,—all head!  
He's a nobody really, you know!"  
And that fish looked at me  
Very critically  
While he puckered his lips in an "O!"



The woodchuck told it all about,  
"I'm going to build a dwelling  
Six stories high, up to the sky!"  
He never tired of telling.

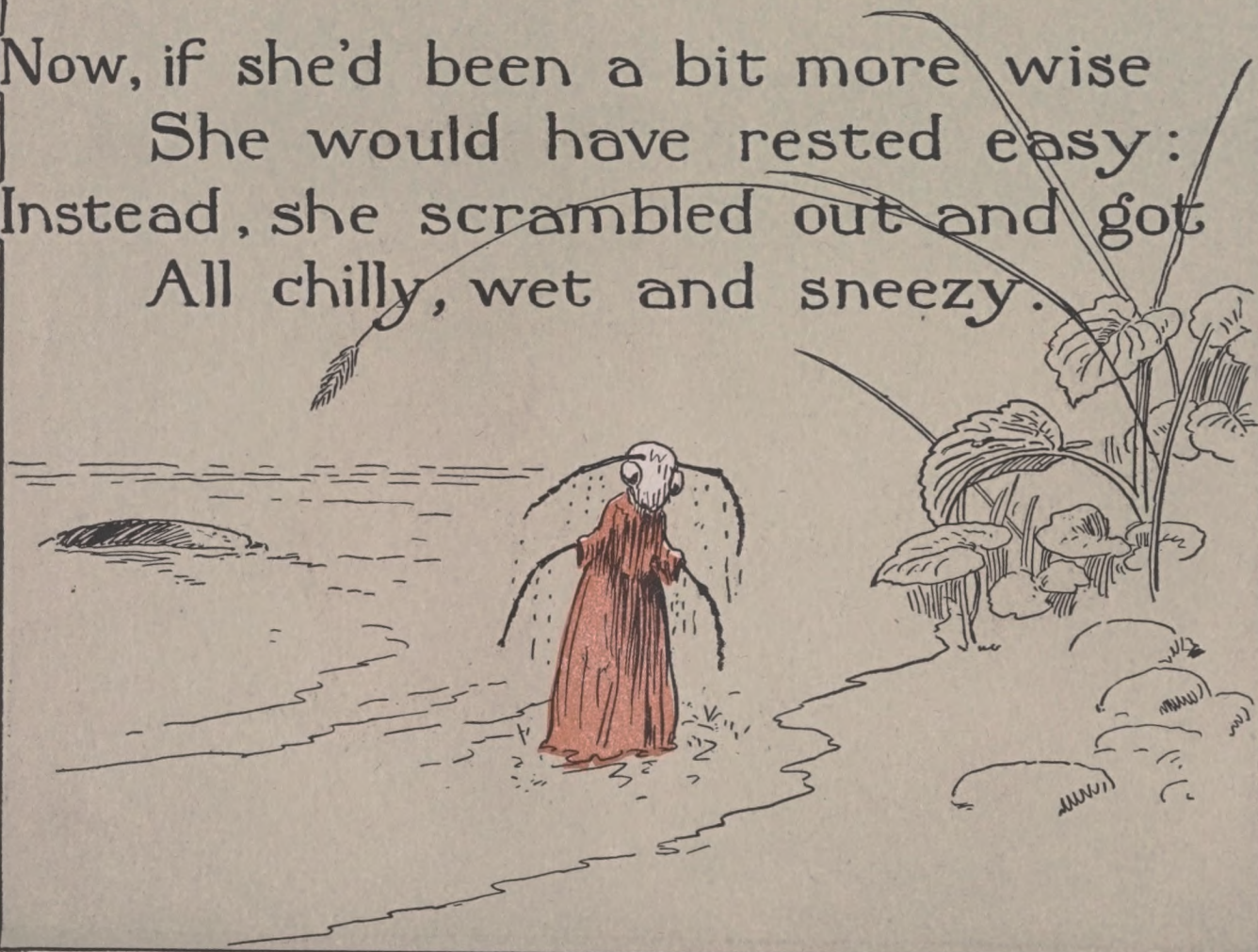
He dug the cellar smooth and well  
But made no more advances;  
That lovely hole so pleased his soul  
And satisfied his fancies.





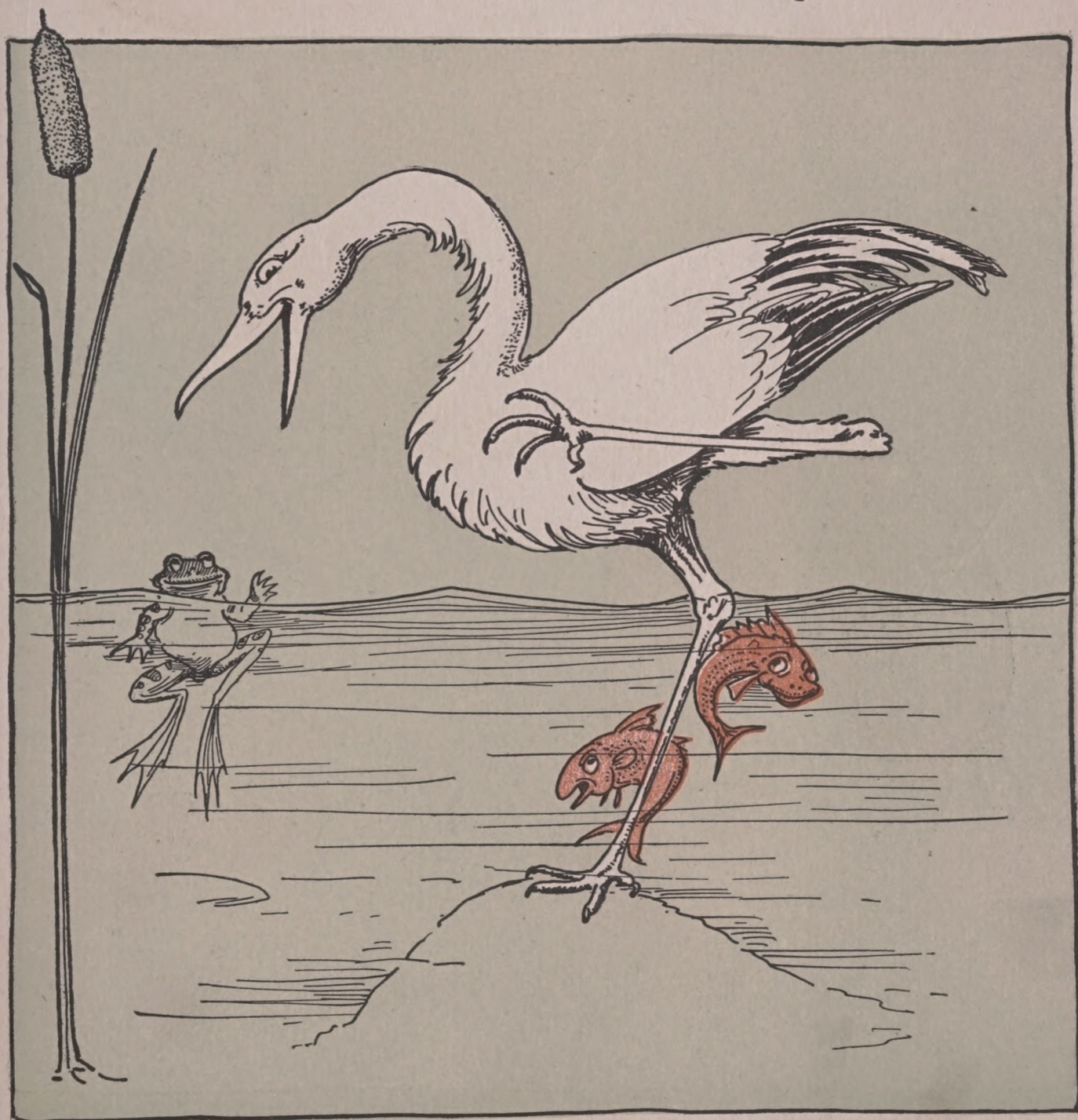
A busy, fussy little ant  
Got in a pea-nut shell  
That floated by the water-side,  
And sailed and drifted well.

Now, if she'd been a bit more wise  
She would have rested easy:  
Instead, she scrambled out and got  
All chilly, wet and sneezy.





There once was a ticklish stork  
Who said, "When in water I walk,  
The fish make me giggle  
As 'round me they wriggle:  
I stand on one leg and I squawk!"

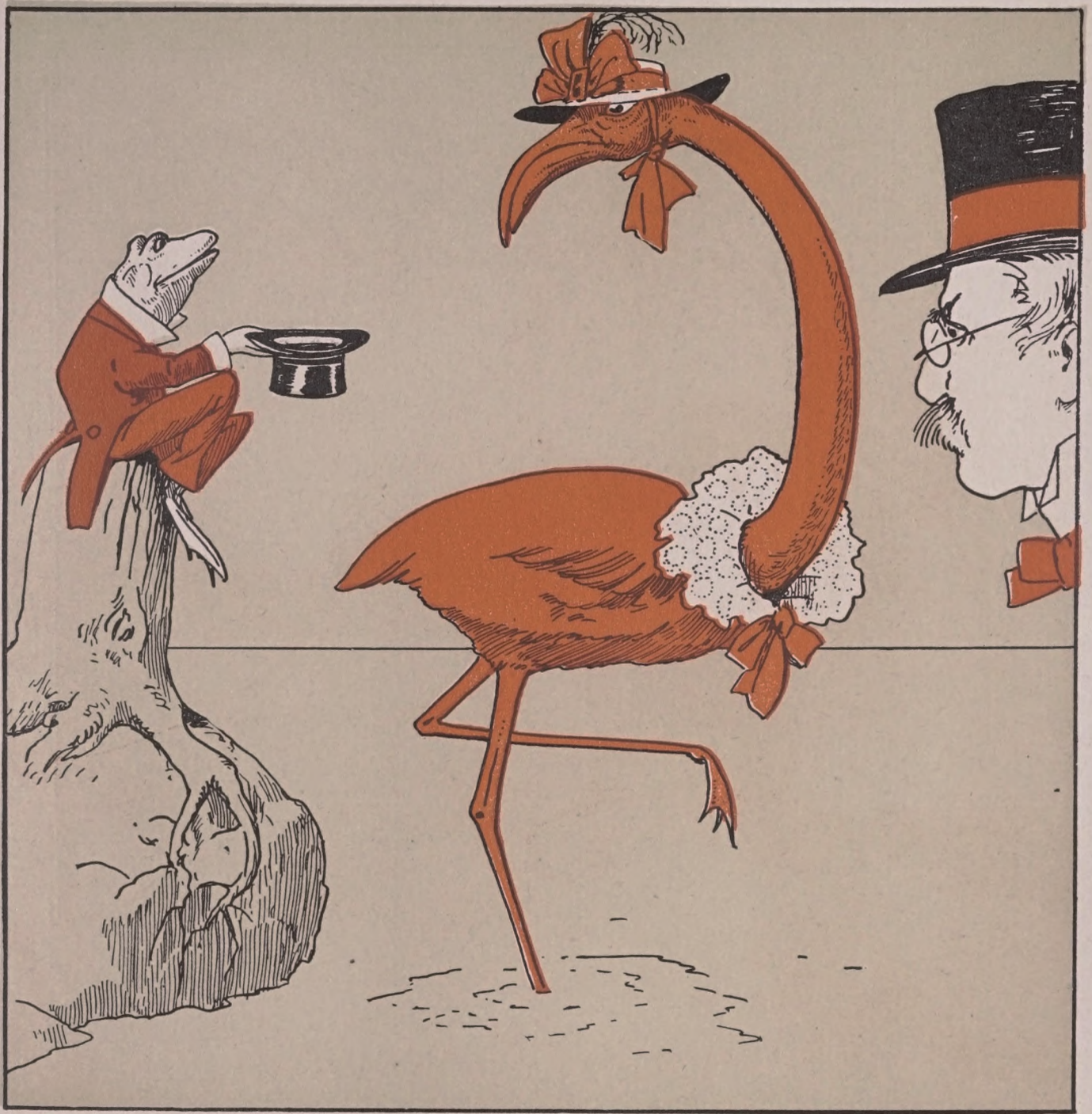


The snake stole the duck-bill's lamb pie  
And slipped to his hole very spry;  
But Bill came with his snout  
And soon shoveled him out  
And sent him up flying, sky-high.



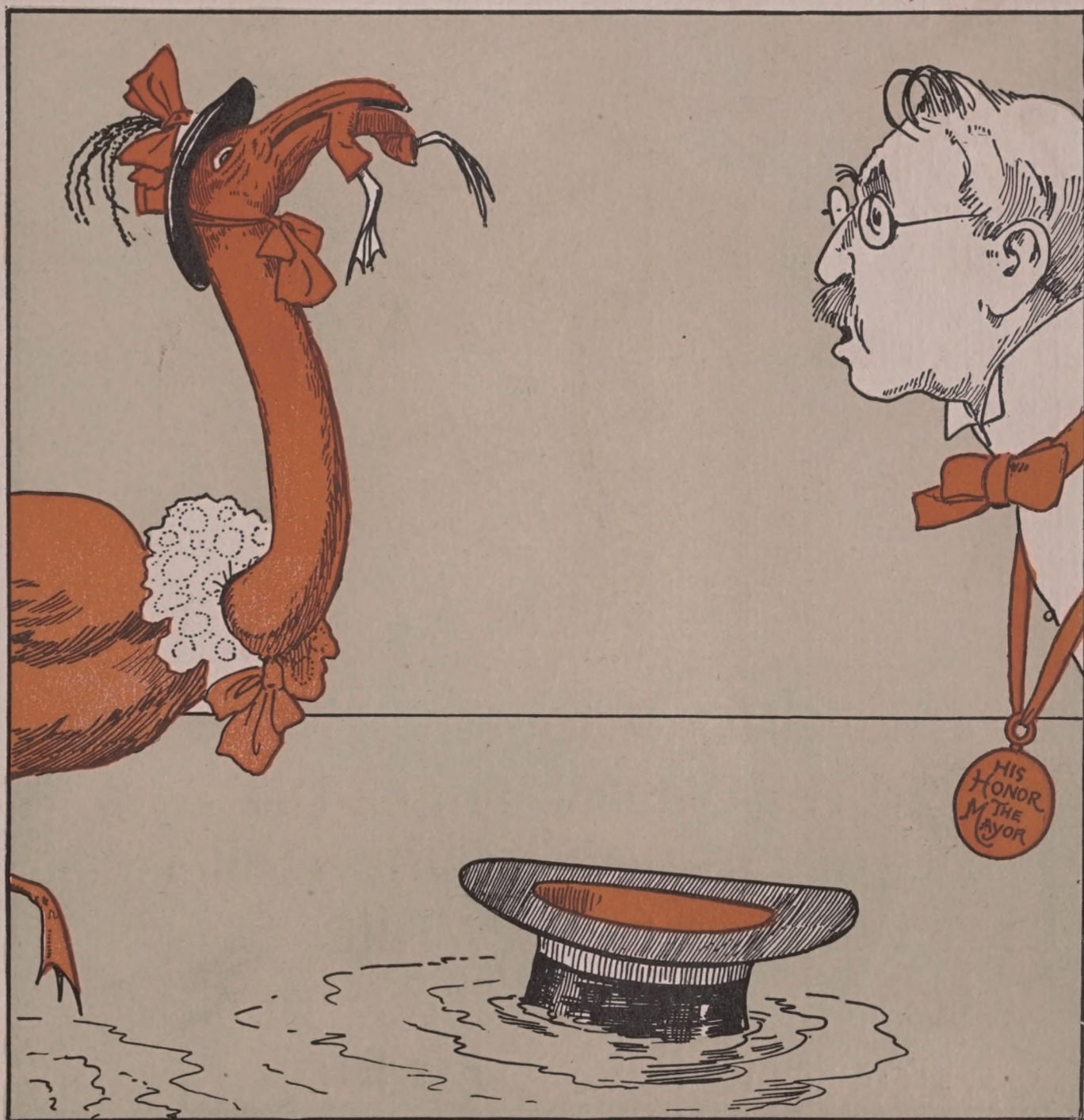


Said the penguin, "Now why  
Should the fish be so shy?  
They all know I love dearly to meet 'em;  
Can it possibly be  
They're suspicious of me  
Just because I sometimes have to eat 'em?"



A frog he wooed a flam-in-go,  
By the sea that's near Rowley,  
Whether his mother would let him or no;  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinac  
"WHAT!" says the Mayor, all scowley.

Said the bird, "I love little frogs, it is true;  
Come, kiss your dear fowley."  
And she swallowed poor froggie without more ado;  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"WHAT!" says the Mayor of Rowley.





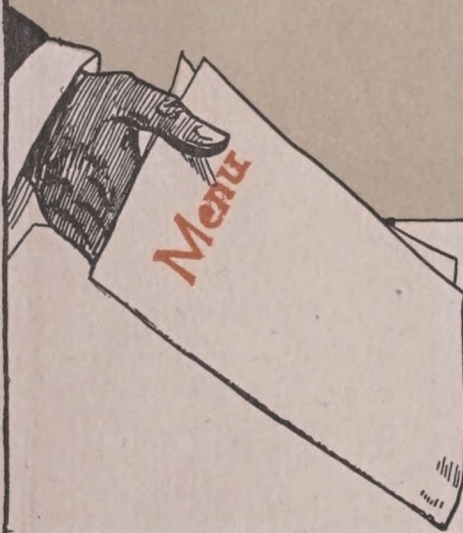
Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Give the camel a scrub  
And dress her in linen all neat.  
In a very short while  
You will see, by her smile,  
That she loves to look pretty  
and sweet.

A rhinoceros, down by the Nile,  
Thought he'd carry newspapers a while,  
So he hooked the news gaily  
Upon his nose daily,  
But people found fault with his style.



Burro, the bucker,  
Brays for his supper;  
What shall he eat?  
The goat's a good butter.

How shall he cool  
His sweet cup of warm tea?  
By waving his ears  
Just like fans, dont you see?







“Moo, moo, black cow,  
Have you some leather?”  
“I’ve my hide to  
Keep out the weather.  
When I dont want it  
I’ll blow on my horn.  
I’ve used it every day  
Since I was born.”



My neighbors had a party — oh!  
**THEY HAD ICE CREAM !**  
I had no invitation — no!  
**THEY HAD ICE CREAM !**



I sat beside the window — I!  
**THEY HAD ICE CREAM !**  
They must have been so happy — my!  
**THEY HAD ICE CREAM !**



# BUNNY'S HOUSE


“Who'll build me a house?”  
Said rich Mr. Bunny,  
“I've plenty of money,  
Who'll build me a house?”

“We’ll dig out your cellar”  
Said two little moles,  
We love to dig holes,  
We’ll dig out your cellar.”



“Who’ll lay the foundations?”  
“I,” said the hen,  
“I lay, now and then,  
I’ll lay the foundations.”




A snail is positioned on a wooden workbench. A hammer and a nail are on the bench. A box of nails sits on the floor nearby. A saw is leaning against a post on the left.

“Who’ll saw, nail and hammer?”

“I,” said the snail,

“I saw hammer and nail,

“I’ll saw, nail and hammer.”

A sand-piper is walking to the right, carrying a large red bucket on its back. It has a shovel and a bucket hanging from its legs. It is wearing a white cap.

“Who’ll lay all the pipes?”

“I,” said the sand-piper,

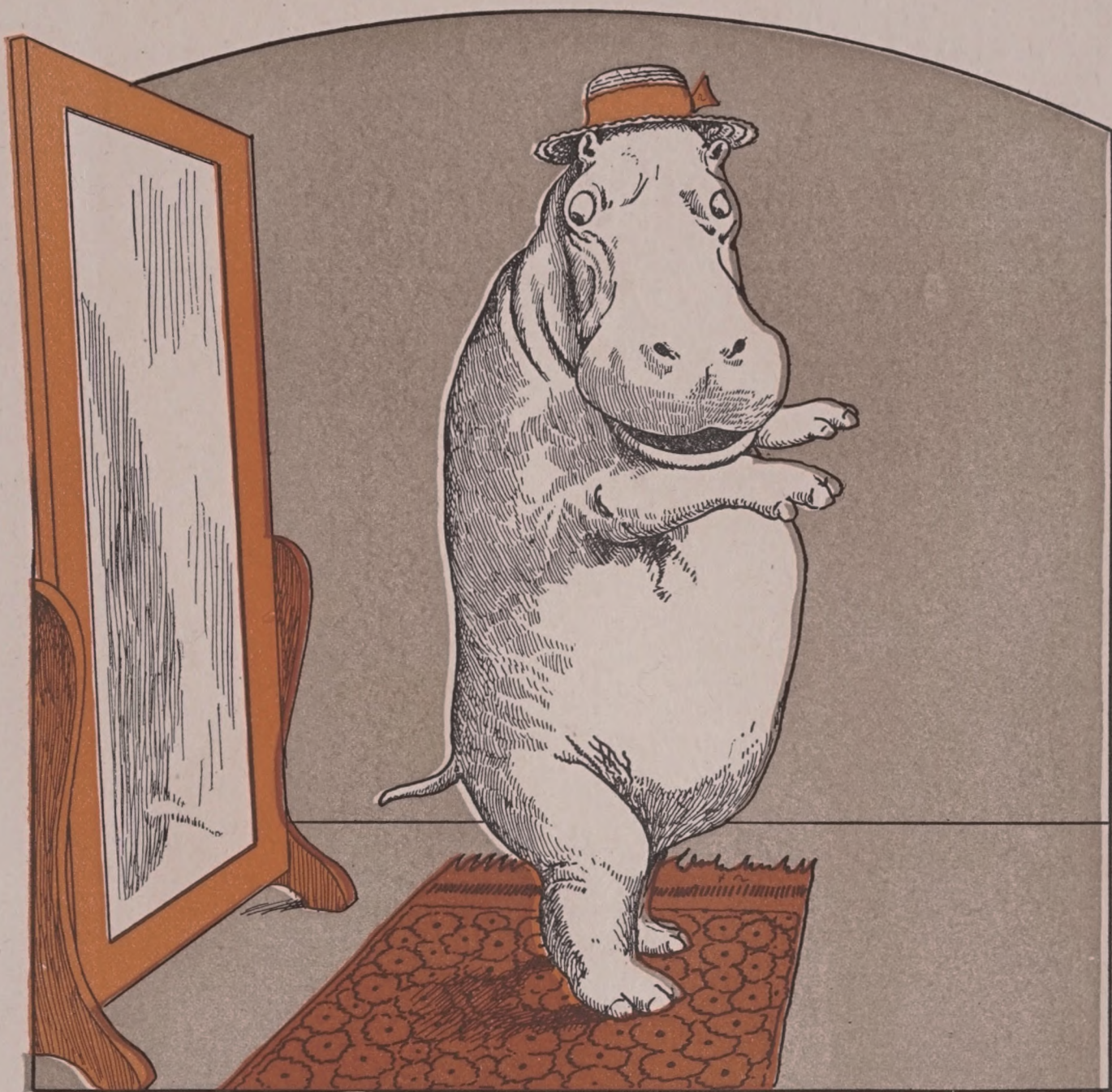
“Just keep off the sniper  
And I’ll lay the pipes.”

“Who’ll do all the painting?”

“I,” said the thrush,  
“I’m fond of the brush,  
I’ll do all the painting.”

“Then, moles, come, begin it,”  
Said Bunny, “Dont tarry,  
For I am to marry  
And wish to live in it!”





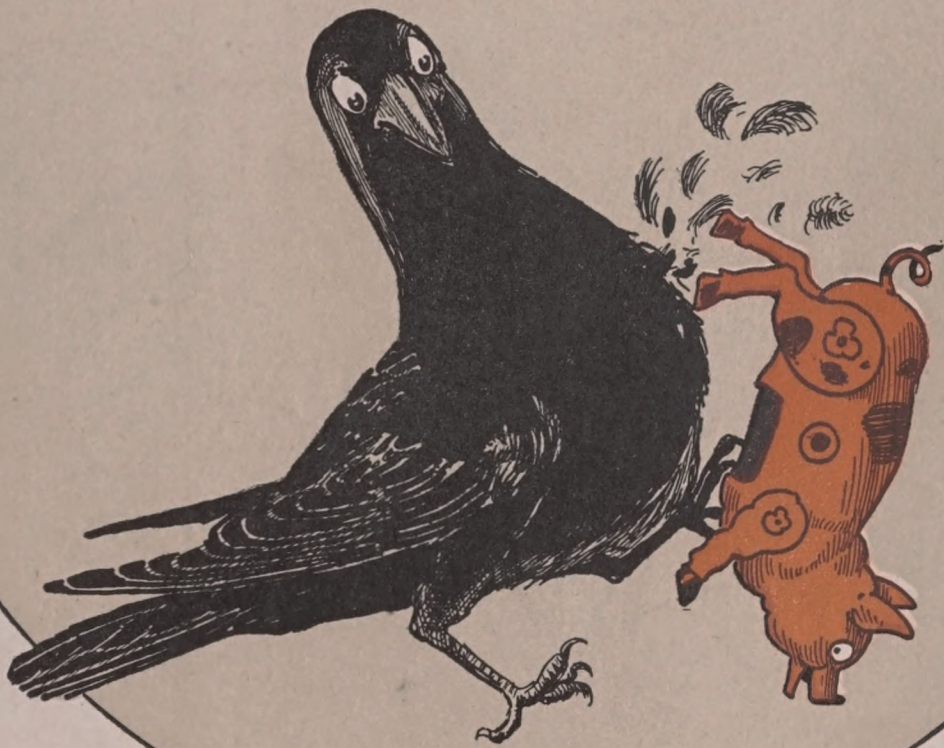
There was a small hippo called Willie,  
Who thought his short tail very silly.  
He said, "When I'm stronger  
I'll pull it out longer,  
And wont I be sweet as a lily?"

A daffodil  
Stood by a rill  
And gazed upon the water,



“Now who,” said she,  
“Will care for me?”  
A brown beast said, “I, otter.”





Jack Daw, the magpie's son,  
Stole a pig wound up to run;  
The spring worked quick  
And made it kick  
And poor Jack thought it was no fun.



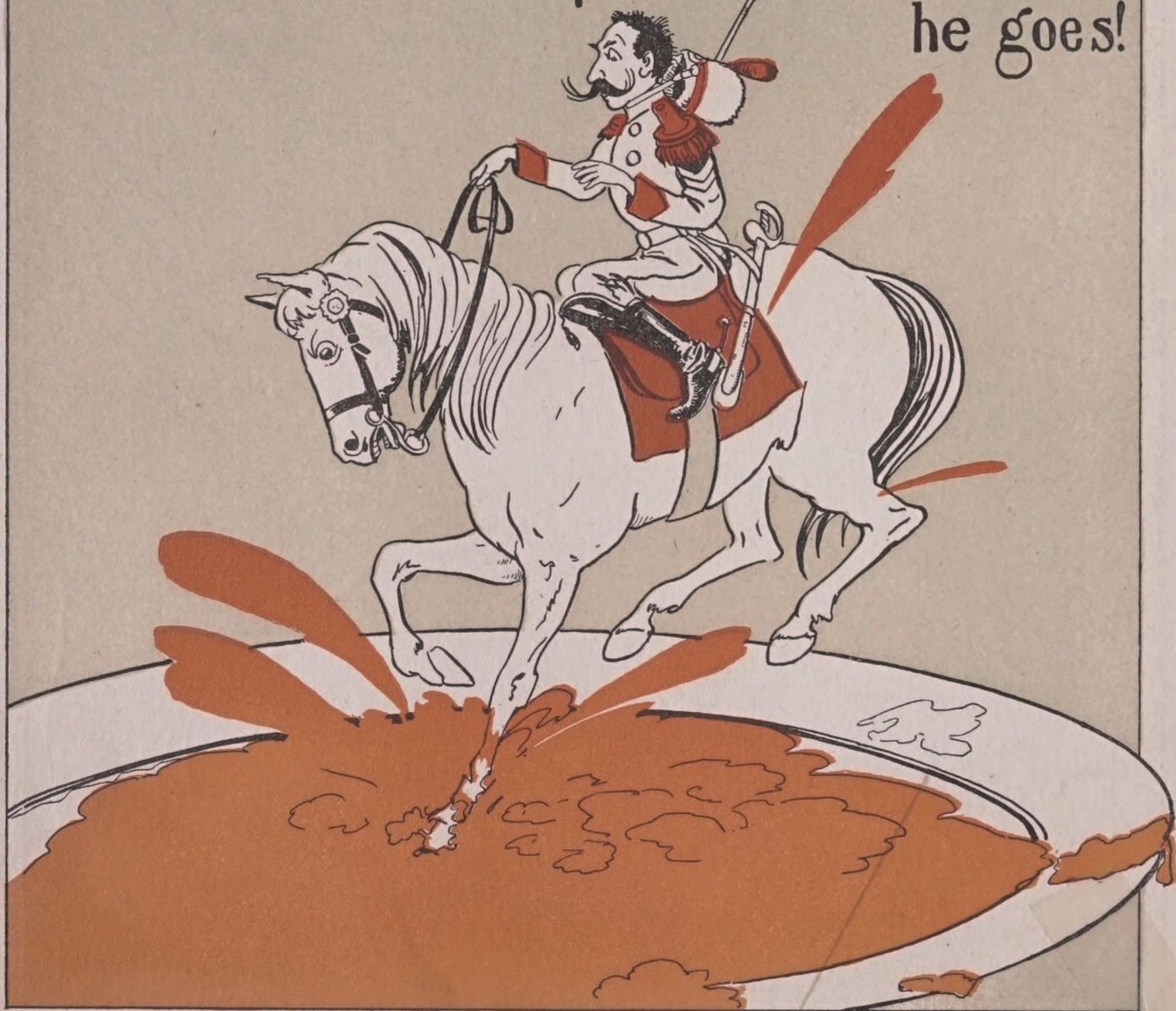
One misty moisty morning  
A hunter, dressed in leather,  
Met two big yellow lions  
Who said, "Tis roaring weather."

They began their roaring  
As it began to rain.

'Twas pouring, roaring, pouring  
And then they roared again.



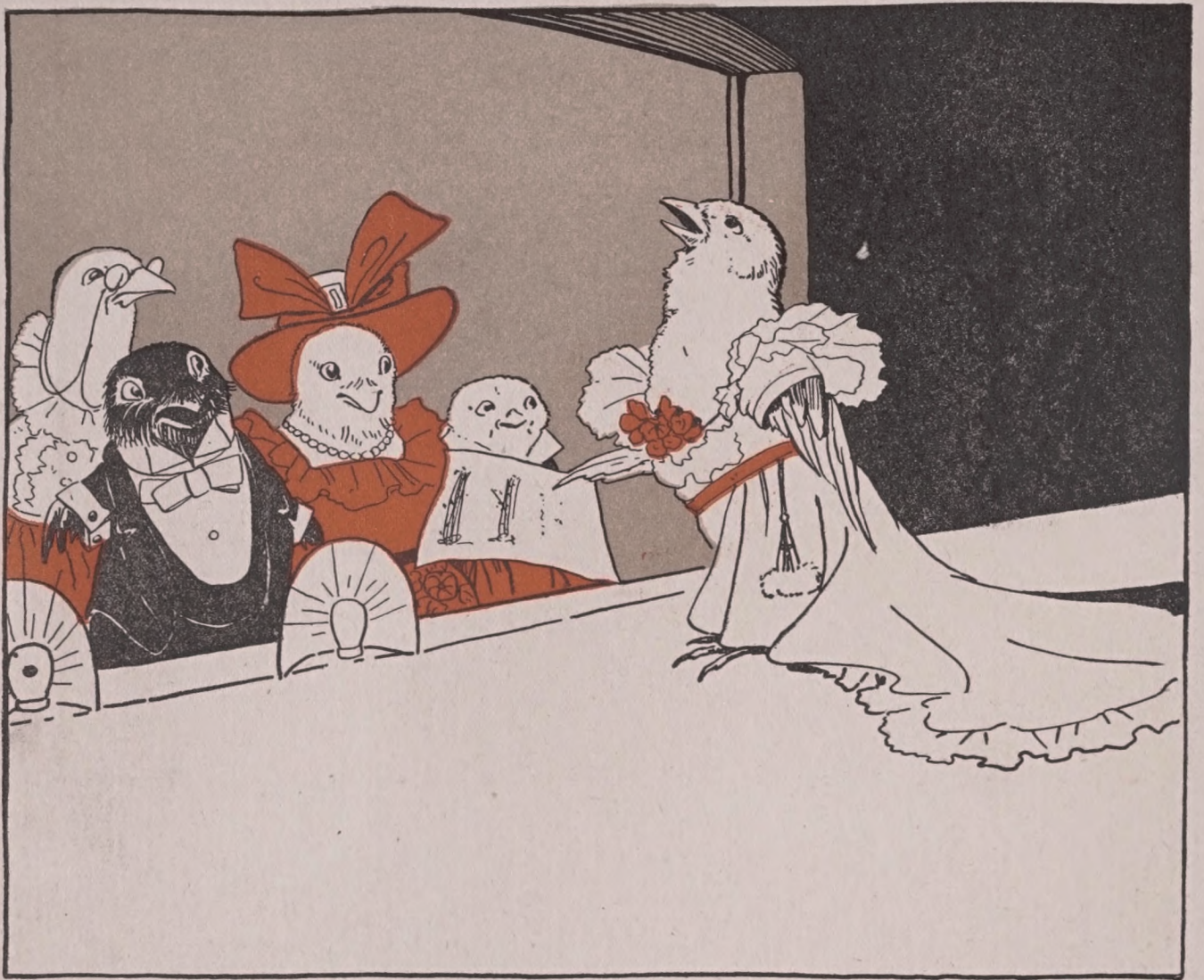
Ride a white horse through cranberry sauce!  
Dont mind if the horse should get saucy and  
cross!  
When the captain says, "March!" every  
brave soldier knows  
He can't stop for questions, but forward  
he goes!





I had a little chicken  
No bigger than my thumb;  
I found him in an egg-shell,  
And there I bade him drum.

He drummed right through the egg-shell  
And stood upon his toes;  
I dressed him very nicely in  
A suit of sailor clothes.



Mary, Mary, my canary,  
How does your new song go?  
With "sweet, sweet, sweet,"  
and tweet, tweet, tweet,"  
And pretty trills all in a row.

“Please, waiter, a cherry  
And then a strawberry,  
Both red, like my beautiful vest  
So the waiter kept bobbin’  
To serve little robin  
Our dear little robin red-breast.



A lynx and a lory  
Amused with a story

That someone had dropped in the grass,  
Got some bugs and some crawlers,  
Arranged them like scholars  
And read to this primary class





“Hush-a-bye, squirrel,  
Up in the tree-top!  
Nobody knows when  
Your chatter will stop!”



“Chattering squirrels  
Must sleep all night,”  
Said mother Squirrel,  
“To keep their eyes bright.”



Miss Fantail, the pigeon, set out for a sail  
On a board, with a mouse close beside her,  
And when the wind blew she said, "Spread out  
your tail!"  
Said the mouse, "So I would, if 'twere wider."

Sailor, sailor, save the pig!  
He is on the captain's gig.  
In the waves he sees a trough;  
He will soon be getting off.





A diller a dollar,  
A very high collar,  
Why hold your head so high?  
You dude of a poodle,  
You fuzzy-faced noodle,  
You can't see your toes if you try!

Little Miss Turtle  
Sat by the myrtle  
Tuning her banjo to play;



A frog came and spied her,  
Then sat down beside her  
And sang while she played, half  
the day

There was a fine fox, as I've heard tell,  
He went to market some eggs for to sell;  
He went to market all on a market-day,  
And he fell asleep on the bear's highway.

Along came a big bear heavy and stout,  
Took out her scissors and snipped 'round about,  
Snipped off the fox's tail. "Good brush, I say!"  
Said the old bear, "It's my dusting day!"



When the fine fox woke up with a start,  
He began to wonder and he began to smart;  
He began to wonder and he began to cry,  
“I have a fine tail, so this can't be I!”

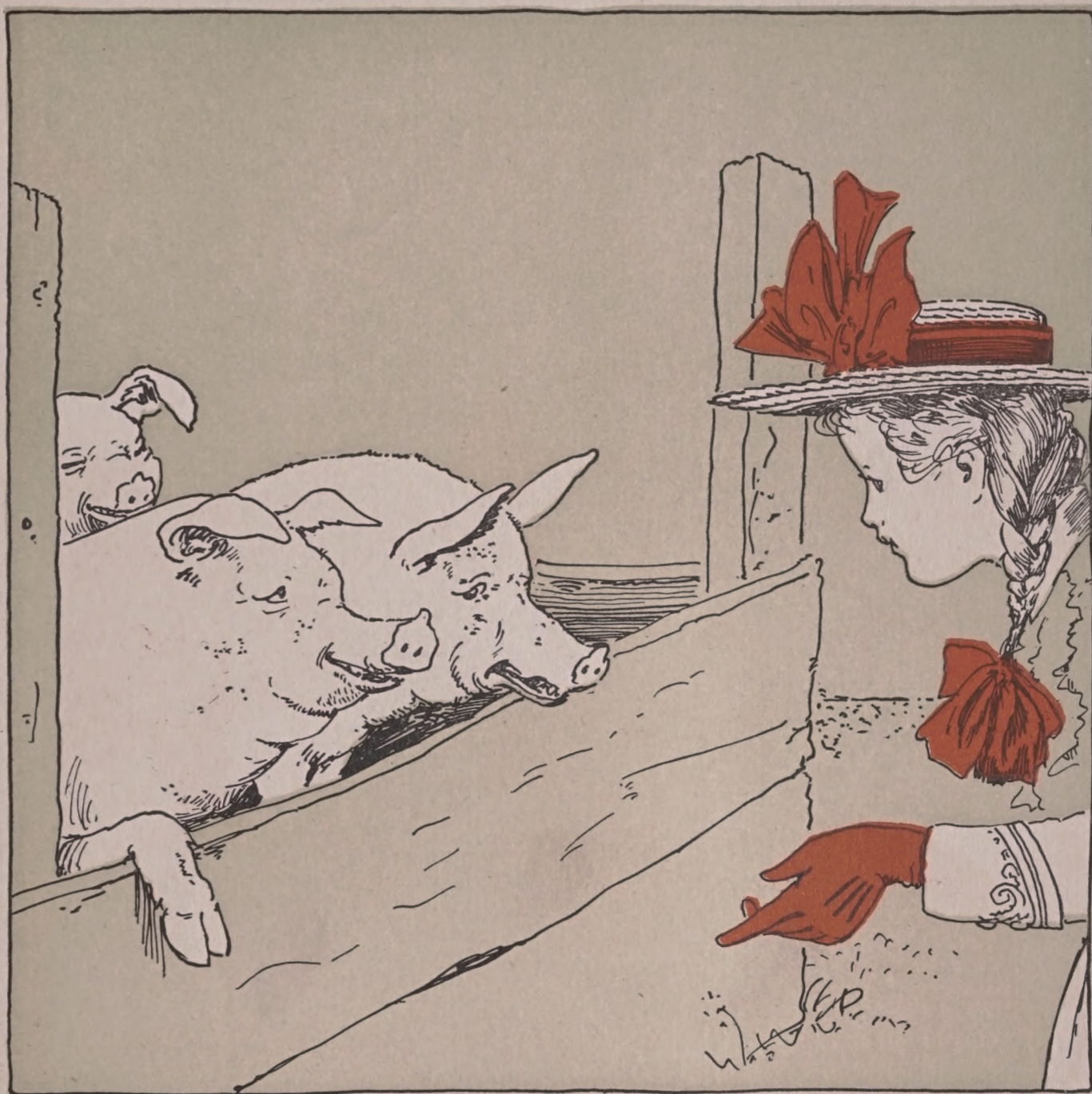


“But if it be I, as I do hope it be,  
I know a tell-tale and he’ll tell me;  
If it be I, why he will tell the tail,  
And if it be not I, my poor wife will wail!”

Off went the fox to the tell-tale’s den.  
The tell-tale laughed. The fox said, “Then,  
If I’m not myself since I awoke,  
I surely must be an endless joke!”







“Now, piggies, who have dirty faces?”  
“Wee, wee, wee,” said they.  
“Not I, but you are all disgraces!”  
I exclaimed, and ran away.



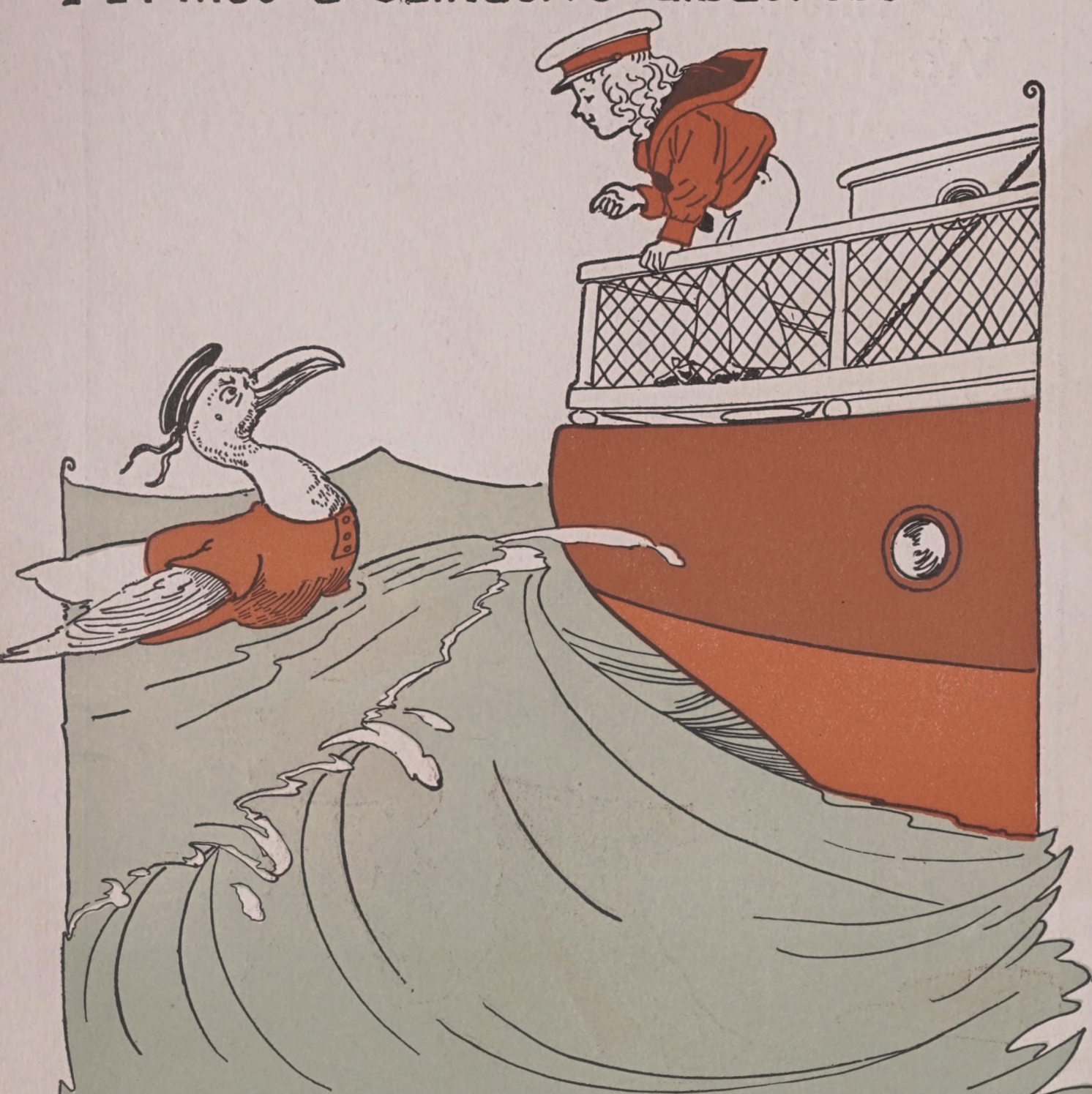
If all the flies were elephants,  
Great elephants in size,  
And I should go to "shoo" them,  
How could I scare those flies?



Off to hunt the buffalo!  
Shall we take gun or trap?  
We little folks had better go  
And find him on the map.



As I was sailing, the sea across,  
I met a talkative albatross



Who said, "It is better to swim than sail,  
You can't suffer ship-wreck in any big gale."



The sea-lion sat on a ponderous throne,  
A sea-washed and hollowed old barnacled stone,  
And he gazed on his realm of the sea:  
"I think I'm a picture. How well I would look,  
If someone should photograph me for a book,  
So majestic and grand," said he.

“You look like a blown up old big rubber coat;  
Though your neck is so wide, you can't twitter a note!”

Jeered a mocking-bird flying that way.

The sea-lion waddled down off of his throne  
And he gazed where the saucy young bird had just flown,

Then went fishing for cod in the bay.





Said the short-billed young teal,  
Now, of course, I don't steal,  
But the long-billed old woodcock, all mottled,  
Takes ridiculous care  
Of his sweets, I declare,  
When he keeps them securely all bottled!"





When the red-headed woodpeckers come,  
Each announces himself with a drum,  
    “A-rap-a-tap-tap,”  
And he bobs his red cap,  
“Are there worms about? Let us have some!”



Pat a cake, pat it as all beavers  
can,  
Pat a mud cake with your tail,  
little man,  
Slap it and mix it with sticks from  
a tree;  
Every cake helps in the pile, dont  
you see?





Madam Hop-toad slowly hops;  
Out a saucy cricket pops,  
Rides her back and says, "I thank you!"  
"Saucy thing!" she says, "I'll spank you!"



Who says the dragons are all dead?  
Once, gazing on the sky,  
I saw, myself, with my own eyes,  
A little dragon fly!

The ermine said, "My pretty coat  
Is worn in many a land  
By kings, — I wear it first, you know,  
Their clothes are second-hand!"

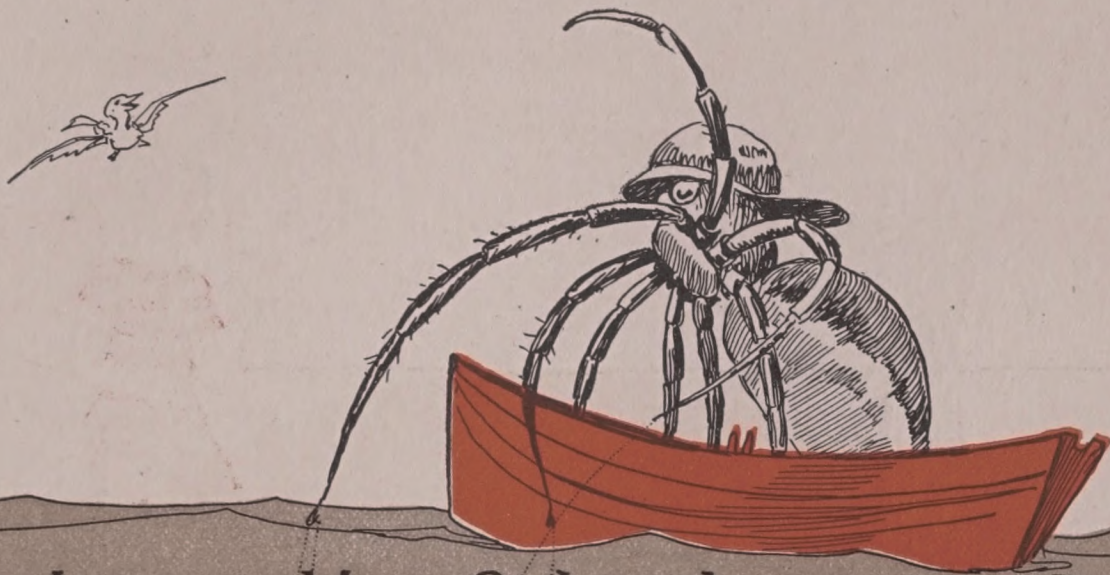




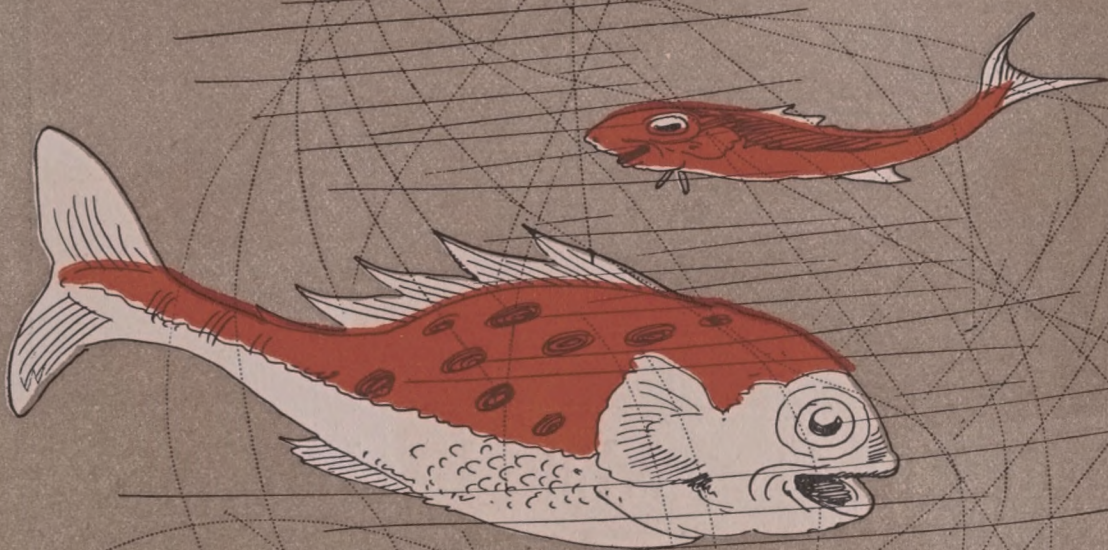
“Don’t play with boys!” Dame Lizard said.  
“They’re such unpleasant creatures!  
They’re so unfinished as to tails  
And scales and other features!”

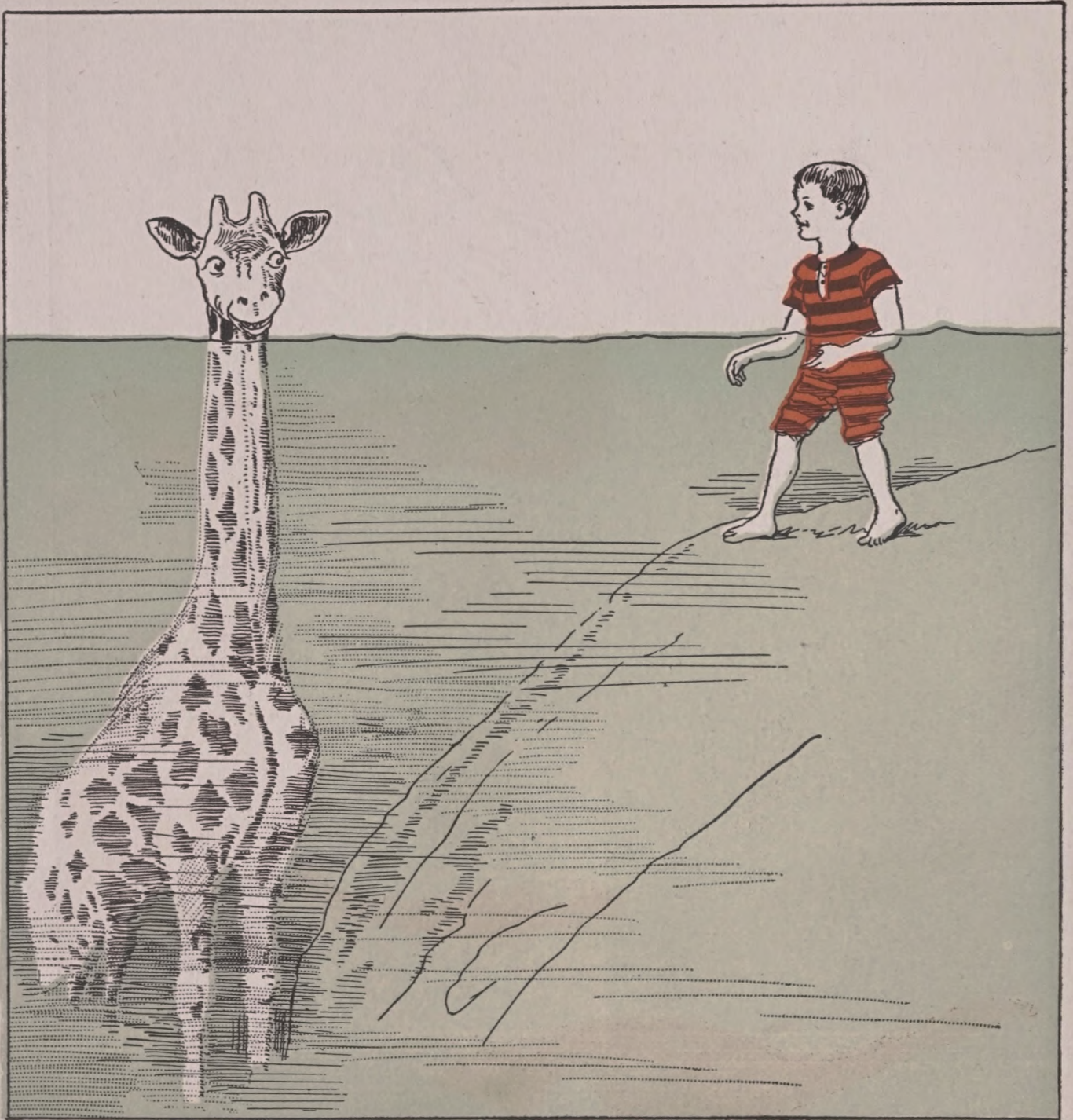
When the farmer trapped the weasels,  
“Got you safe!” I heard him shout.  
But the weasels got the measles  
And they all broke out!





A spider would a fisher be,  
And cast his net out in the sea:  
The fish swam through his flimsy net,  
He cried, "This sea seems very wet!"





The tall giraffe, while bathing, shouts  
To little Johnny Quinn,  
“O just come here! It isn’t deep,  
It’s just up to my chin!”



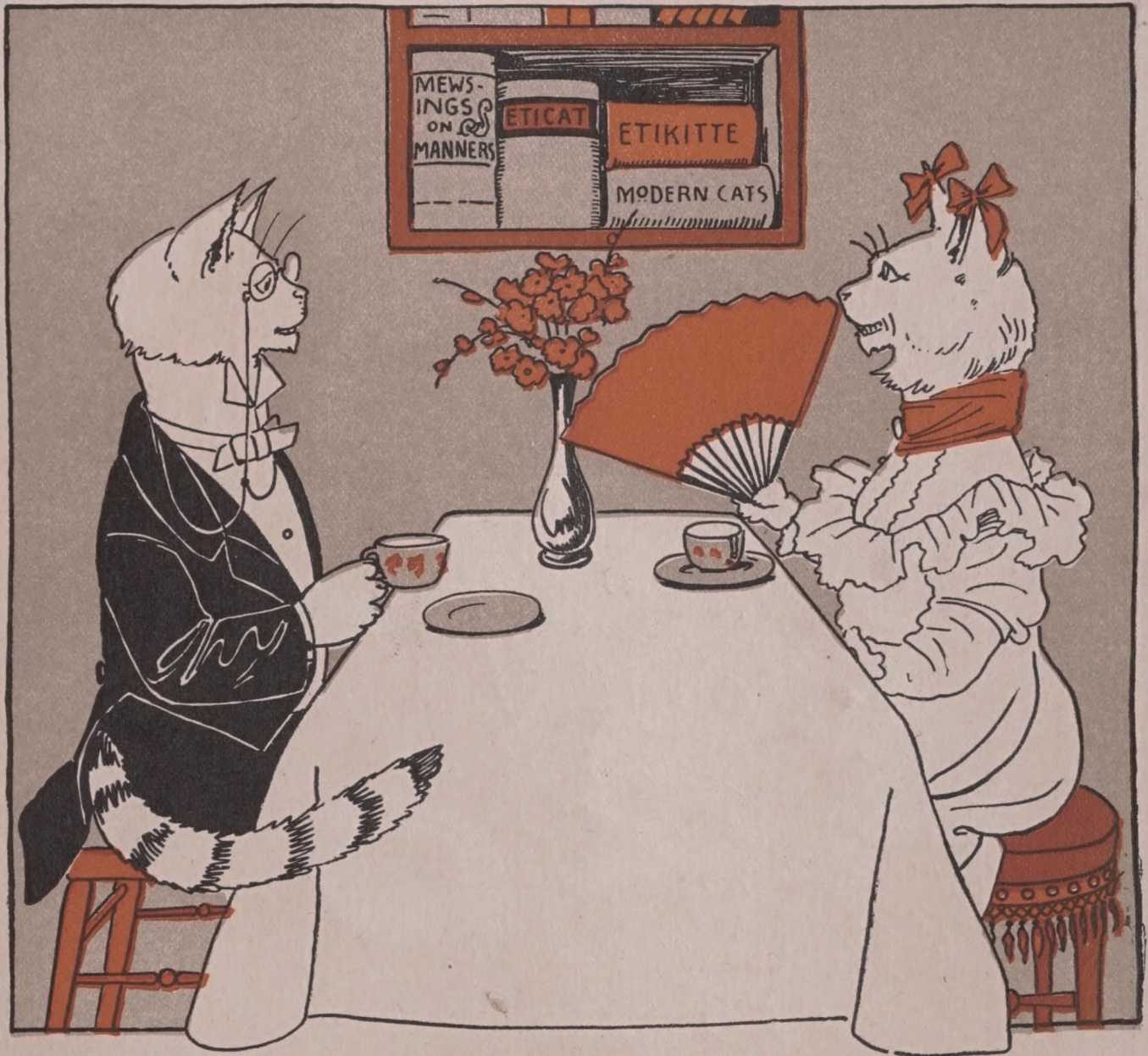
“Chewink, chewink, chewink,”  
Said a little bird, “What do you think?  
I didn’t wait  
For sages great,  
But named myself chewink.”



The moose has grown a tufty beard  
That hangs beneath his head.  
Now don't go up and pull it, please,  
For that would be ill-bred!



Tom Cat can eat no rat  
His wife can eat no mice



Because they've studied  
manners and  
They know what is not nice.



Needles and pins, needles and pins  
When dogs worry wasp's nests, then  
trouble  
begins!



“A griddle-cake is soft and warm,”  
The little monkey said,  
“I’ll take one for a night-cap,  
And then I’ll go to bed!”





Little Bopeep has lost her sheep.  
“O lion!” she said, “can you find them?”  
He replied, with a grin, “Please inquire within,  
I’m sure when they’re gone you don’t mind them.”

The kangaroo  
Jumped 'round  
the Zoo



And chased a wiggling wag,



Who ran away  
And said, "To-day  
Is not my day for tag."

The man in the moon  
Saw a little racoon



Who was going to steal corn in  
Norridge;

So he turned on his light,  
And the coon looked  
as white



As a saucer of very thin porridge.







Mary had a little cat  
Whose fur was black as ink;  
It loved to gaze upon a hole  
And think, and think, and  
think!

There was an owl in our town  
And he seemed wondrous wise;  
He turned the pages of a book  
And stared with his big eyes.



“The owl is such a learned bird!”  
They whispered through the town,  
Till someone saw he held the book  
Before him upside down!

An ostrich, whose name was Amandy,  
A Said, "Necks should be long, to be handy.  
My parasol, tied  
To my neck, on one side,  
Keeps me cool on these plains, hot and  
sandy."



# The Santa Claus Rat



In the famous old cupboard  
Of dear Mother Hubbard  
A rat came, one Christmas, alone,  
And when he got there,  
Said he, "I declare,  
Here is nothing, not even a bone!"

And the rat looked quite sad  
For he felt very bad,  
Then he suddenly winked very sly,  
Then he laughed and he danced  
Lightly capered and pranced,  
And he said, "I'll surprise her, — oh my!"



Now it seems past belief  
That so dreadful a thief  
Could ever think out such a plan,  
But his plan was, to bring  
To the cupboard each thing  
That he found, and at once he began.

"First," he said, "I will beg  
The old hen for an egg,"

And he soon got the old hen's consent;  
Then he borrowed a nut  
Which a squirrel had got  
And back to the cupboard he went.



In the little school-house  
He crept, still as a mouse,



But the lunch-basket place was too sunny.  
"It's not in my plan  
To risk any rat tan,"  
Said he, thinking the joke very funny

But he filled up the cupboard  
For dear Mother Hubbard

And she, — goodness! when she saw  
that,



Said, "Tell me, my dear,  
Did one ever hear  
Of a gift-giving Santa Claus rat?"





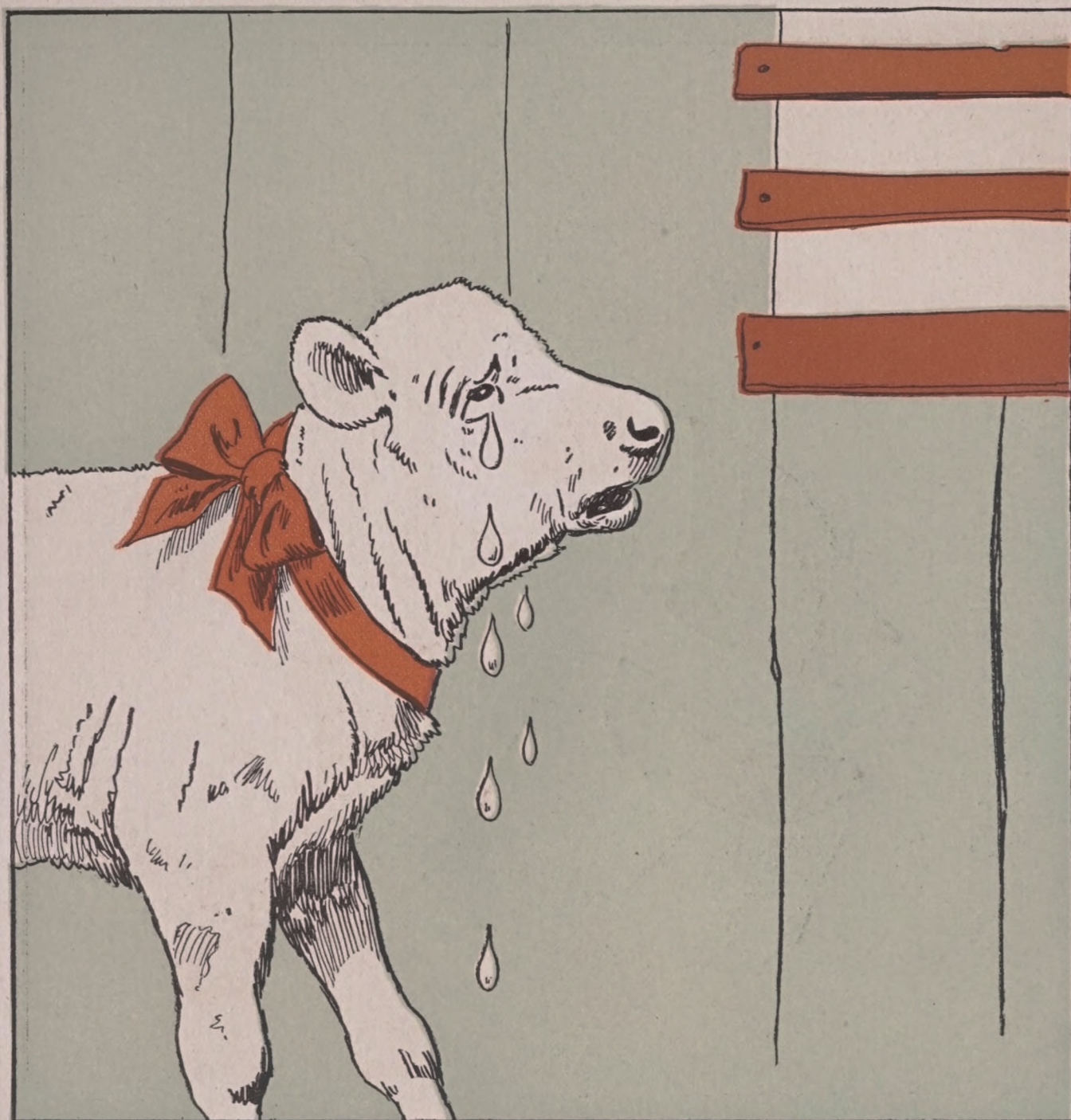
Humpty Dumpty sat on the ball  
All of the players set up a great squall.  
All of the players, eleven strong men,  
Couldn't make the big fellow get  
off it again!

A crooked crocodile once swam a crooked mile  
And found a crooked bonnet, the very latest style.  
He crooked the ribbon strings, and put on some other things,  
And made some crooked faces at some little colored kings





Said the spotted and sportive young ounce,  
"That old fat armadillo I'll trounce!  
He rolled up like a ball;  
He was no ball at all  
For I tried him and he wouldn't bounce!"



The calf is but a baby cow,  
I learned from my dear pa,  
But should you think a child so big  
Would cry so for his ma?



The gardener and potato-bug  
Once played at hide-and-peek,  
All Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday — all the week.

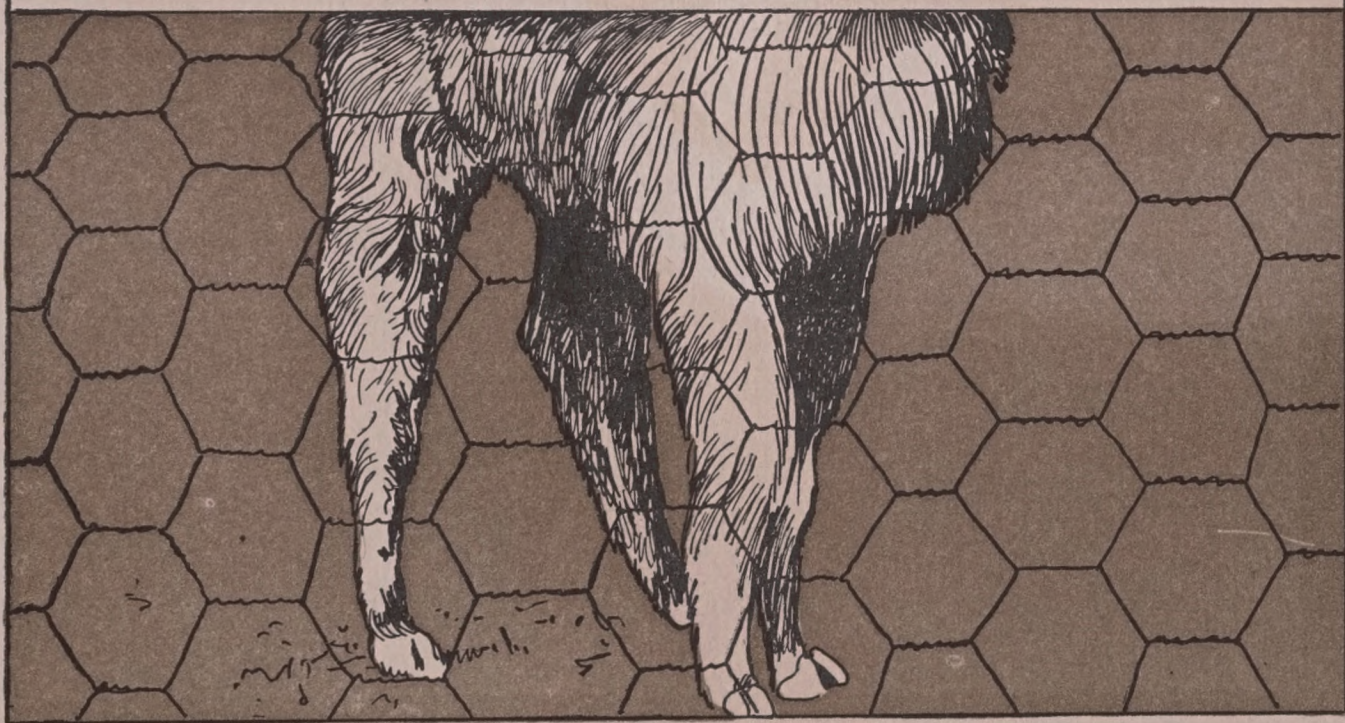
And when the gardener found the bug,  
——Now what do you think of that?——  
He found the bug had stayed each day  
On the rim of his straw hat!



I saw alpacas, frowsy furred,  
All feeding on the plain,  
But later, in the Zoo I saw  
Just one of them again;



And he was sleek, his hair was combed  
Quite neatly. He was blacker  
He'd changed his name and he was known  
As Mr. Alfred Packer.





Said the clown to the funny-nosed tapir  
"Wont you come and cut some sort of caper?"  
Said the tapir, "Oh, no!  
For if I should do so  
They would write me all up in the paper."





The lordly turkey struts about  
In all his foolish pride:  
Go tell him 'tis November now,  
And see him go and hide!



A gosling once stopped in his play  
To gaze on a swan. "Now I say,  
When I get big and fat  
I shall look just like that!"  
But he still is a goose, to this day.



My St. Bernard, old doggie Spot,  
Just laughs and laughs when he is hot.  
He never stops to think of me  
Though I am warm as I can be.



There was a pug dog they called Dennis  
Who travelled as far as old Venice,  
And when they asked, "How  
Do you like it?" "Bow-wow!"  
Said the pug, "It's too wet here for tennis!"



For their chicks they made a pocket  
Where the swaying branch would rock it,  
Artful little orioles!  
Even rowdy crow said, "Never,  
Can I steal from birds so clever,  
Bless their little, dear, sweet souls!"



The north wind doth blow  
And we soon shall have snow,  
And what will the chickadee do, poor thing?  
Why, he'll cock his black cap  
And he won't care a rap;  
In the snow you will hear him most merrily sing.

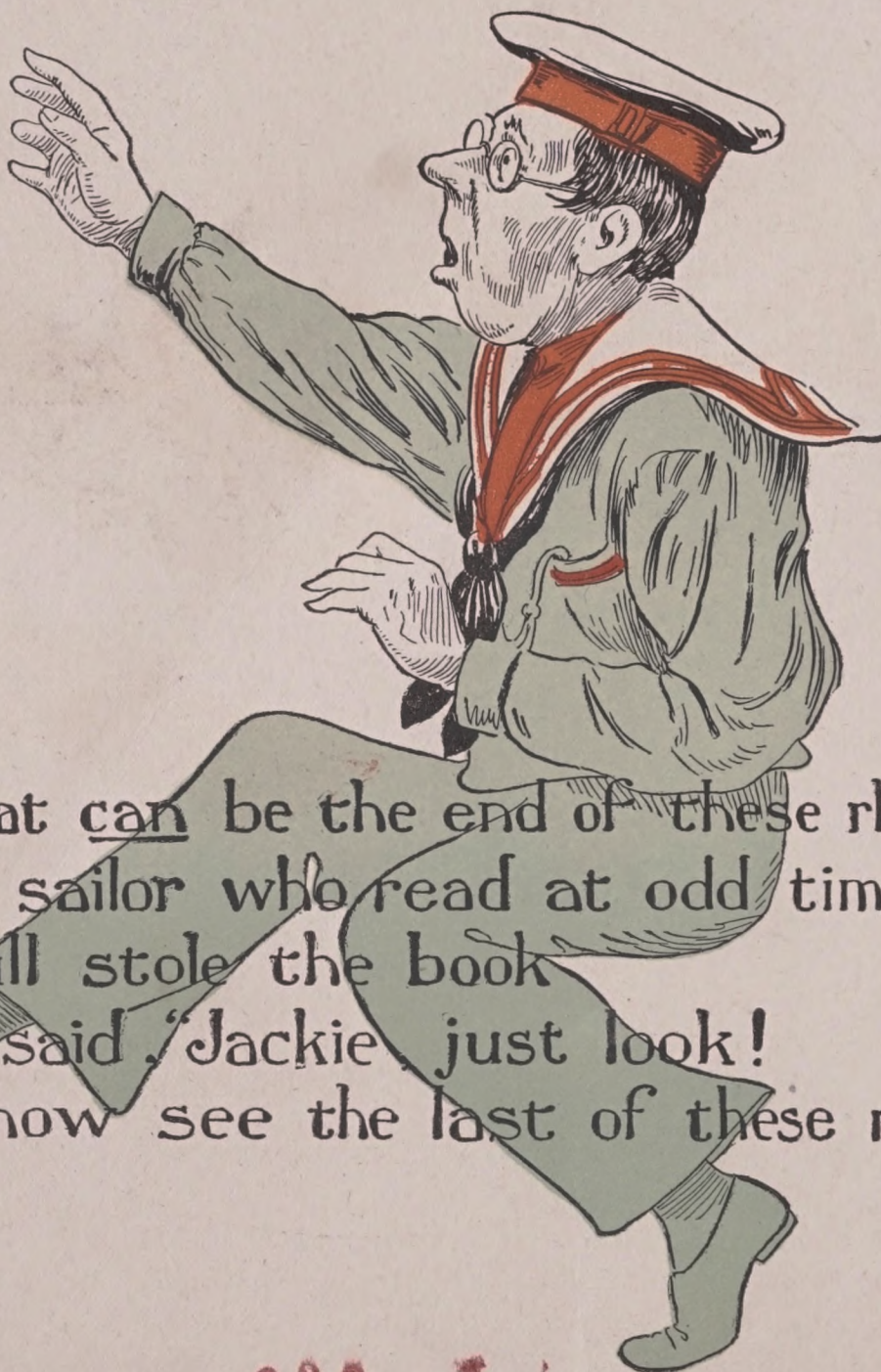
“On the snow let us play  
All the cold day-day-day,”

Sings the brisk little chickadee, brave little chap!

“Day-day-day,” is his song  
All the cold winter long,

And he always is busy while bears take their nap.





“Now what can be the end of these rhymes?”  
Said a sailor who read at odd times.  
A gull stole the book  
And said, “Jackie, just look!  
For you now see the last of these rhymes.”













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